Red State

by

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Fourth Draft
9/10/10
The Harvey Boys Productions

EXT AIRPORT - DAY

It's more of a domestic hub than an international terminal. Kinda podunk, with jets. Light traffic. Cars pulling up and dropping people off, people loading luggage.

INT AIRPORT - SAME

POV SHOT of a pair of National Guardsmen chit-chatting, machine guns slung over their shoulders- a post-9/11 image. Departing passengers go about their business without giving the Guardsmen a second look, appreciative for the illusion of safety.

TRAVIS, 17, however, studies them intently. He's not a regular airport visitor, and automatic weapons aren't something he sees everyday.

TRAVIS' POV: A MAN approaches the Guardsmen, asking a question. The Guardsmen indicate the front doors.

A hand gives Travis a gentle tap that breaks his attention.

Travis and his MOTHER lead his GRANDMOTHER to the security line, Travis lugging her carry-on bag. They're one person away from the red-coated Security agent checking i.d.'s.

Grandma kisses Travis on the cheek and heads into the queue, her license checked. Travis looks to the dead-eyed AGENT watching the monitor as the X-rayed bags roll by.

EXT HIGHWAY - LATER

Travis' Mother's car zips down the highway, passing a ten man operation outside a firehouse: an old siren is being replaced with something more modern. Americana in the 21st Century.

INT CAR - SAME

Travis in the passenger seat, school bag beside him, his Mother driving. The radio plays.

MOTHER
Well, *that's* over.

TRAVIS
Yeah.

MOTHER
What're you doin' this weekend?

TRAVIS
Nothin'.

MOTHER
You finish the thing for your Lit class?

TRAVIS
I've got two more weeks.

MOTHER
(off something OC)
Jesus H. Christ... *again* with these people?

EXT CHURCH - SAME

The car is slowed in traffic, due to some commotion ahead, at the side of the road. People shake placards at a funeral procession as it exits the church. Flares demarcate vehicle lanes. A Cop directs traffic. News vans, etc.

One MAN is the loudest, easily most passionate. He hurls invective at mourners outside a hearse as a casket's loaded.

INT CAR - SAME

Travis stares at the OC scene.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
Those people don't have enough pain to deal with, they gotta listen to that sumbitch's B.S. while they bury their baby? When's that old man gonna hurry up and die already?

EXT CHURCH - SAME

POV SHOTS of the signs and placards the demonstrators brandish: "JACOB HARLOW BURNS IN HELL", "CONDEMN ALL QUEERS", "YOU FAILED YOUR BOY", signs with Biblical verse on them, and a sign that depicts stick figure images of a man fellating another man with the circle/slash anti-sign over it, above the slogan "QUEER LUST DAMNS THE USA".

EXT HIGH SCHOOL QUAD - DAY

Travis rushes through the empty quad. A custodian cleans up the post-breakfast detritus.

INT CLASSROOM - DAY

A Civics class. About twenty kids slouch at their desks. The TEACHER is mid-lecture.

TEACHER
So when the framers of our Constitution adopted a Bill of Rights, they kinda forgot to spell out *exactly* what an American's civil liberties actually *were*.

Travis enters, heading toward the back of the classroom, taking the desk beside JAROD. The pair exchange a fist-bump. The Teacher glances up at the clock.

TEACHER (CONT'D)
Fifteen minutes, Travis. If you prick me, do I not bleed?

JAROD
(drawing in his notebook)
Ooo, Ms. Vasquez said a *bad word*...

The class chuckles, teacher Ms. Vasquez won't even dignify the comment with a response (but also finds it kinda funny).

MS. VASQUEZ
(to Trav)
Where ya been?

TRAVIS
I brought my Grandma to the airport, and on the way back, the Five Pointers blocked up Lennox.

MS. VASQUEZ
So now Abin Cooper's going after *you* too?

TRAVIS
And I ain't even *gay*.

JAROD
Nah, you're not gay. You're just *curious*.

Chuckles from the class. Ms. Vasquez sees the tag-up.

MS. VASQUEZ
And if anybody'd know, it'd be, Jarod.

Louder chuckles. Jarod makes a face at Ms. Vasquez.

MS. VASQUEZ (CONT'D)
Alright - so every once in awhile, we add Amendments to the Constitution, to expand - and more importantly - *define* the *parameters* of our rights. Like the First Amendment - which Abin Cooper practiced on Lennox this morning, making Travis late.

GIRL
Those people're such *assholes*.

MS. VASQUEZ
I'm gonna let that ride because this is a passionate issue. And because, yes - they *are* assholes.

Kids chuckle.

ANOTHER GIRL
Who's Abin Cooper?

GIRL
He's that creepy church guy that's always saying how God's all pissed off at everybody.

JAROD
Him and his family're the ones always holding up signs at funerals.

TRAVIS
S'what this was - funeral for that gay kid got killed two weeks back.

MS. VASQUEZ
(off girl's puzzled look)
Jessieee! It makes me both happy and sad that you don't know who we're talking about. But, c'mon - Abin Cooper and the Five Points Trinity Church's right in our backyard.

JAROD
C'mon, Ms. Vasquez - Cooper's Dell's like a half an hour away...

MS. VASQUEZ
Too close. Abin Cooper holds our entire state up for ridicule. Even ultra-conservatives avoid this guy. Last year, the head of the largest Neo-Nazi faction in the country issued a statement *distancing* his politics from Cooper's and Five Points'. That means even *Nazi's* say "This guy's... nucking futs!"

As the class laughs and the lecture continues, we push in on Travis and Jarod. Jarod writes on a piece of paper and holds it so Travis can see it: CAN YOU GET THE CAR TONIGHT?

Travis offers his friend a "For what?" shrug. Jarod draws for a moment, then holds the paper for Travis to see again. It's a crudely drawn, hairy vagina.

MS. VASQUEZ (CONT'D)
Let's just hope the Cooper Clan sticks to the First Amendment and stays far, far away from the *Second*. Who can tell me what the Second Amendment is?

GUY
We get guns.

INT HALLWAY - DAY

The bell rings, and kids shuffle to and from classes.

EXT QUAD - DAY

Close on a smart phone, running an app for a web site called MeatGreet.com.

Travis and Jarod sit at a table in the Quad. Students everywhere - lunching, talking, fooling around.

TRAVIS
What is it?

JAROD
It's like CraigsList for people who wanna get fucked.

TRAVIS
I thought *CraigsList* was Craigslist for people who wanna get fucked.

Two hands come down on their shoulders, startling them.

VOICE
(trying to sound deeper)
What kinda dirty shit you lookin' at, boy?!

BILLY-RAY stands over them, chuckling in a dopey way. Jarod lightly knocks their friend in his nuts.

BILLY-RAY
Ow, man! Touch my dick again, see what happens.

JAROD
That's what *HE* said, motherfucker. Right after he drowned your mouth.

BILLY-RAY
(kinda stung)
You're such an *animal*...

TRAVIS
(chuckling; off phone)
You can't see any faces...

JAROD
But you can see the tits and the pussy. Fuck the *face*.

BILLY-RAY
How I know I *wanna* fuck the face, unless I can see what they *look* like?

TRAVIS
Right?

JAROD
What she *looks*...? Bag her head, boy! These bitches wanna *fuck!*

TRAVIS
Even if they do, they're all in New York and L.A. *Lots* more in L.A.
(scrolling down the page)
New York, L.A., L.A., L.A., New York, Chicago, L.A., L.A....

JAROD
(grabs phone)
This one's a little closer to home.

Jarod clicks on an entry for a somewhat good-looking body of a woman listing her home as Cooper's Dell.

BILLY-RAY
Holy shit - Cooper's *Dell?!*

JAROD
We gettin' *laaaaaiiiiddd…*

TRAVIS
What makes you think she's gonna fuck us? Or even *one* of us?

JAROD
Because I been messagin' back and forth with her for two weeks now, and she *told* me she's into it.

BILLY-RAY
I just got a little hard...

TRAVIS
I don't wanna fuck some chick you just done.

JAROD
Ain't no sloppy seconds, boy - she wants to fuck all three of us at *the same time.*

BILLY-RAY
I call the ass.

JAROD
Fuck you - I did all the legwork.

TRAVIS
(re: monitor)
How you even know this ain't really a *guy*?

JAROD
(off nudie on phone)
That look like a guy to you?

INT GYM - LATER

Travis, Jarod and Billy Ray do those push-ups where you push-up and hold for five seconds, then descend.

TRAVIS
What if this thing's like one of them "Catch-a-Predator" deals?

JAROD
Who're *we* preyin' on? *We're* the fuckin' minors here. She says she's thirty eight.

BILLY-RAY
Jesus - that's gonna be like fuckin' my Mom.

JAROD
I ain't sure this *ain't* your Mom, motherfucker.

BILLY-RAY
Fuck you.

TRAVIS
I don't think I should go.

JAROD
Oh, you're *going*.

TRAVIS
All three of us naked in the same room, ballin' this ol' lady? You don't think that's a little gay.

JAROD
Jesus Christ - don't be so fucking middle class.

EXT TRAVIS' HOUSE - NIGHT

An establishing shot. There's a car out front.

MAN V.O.
People need to see these signs and hear these words...

INT LIVING ROOM - SAME

Travis's Parents are on the couch watching the news, eating.

On the TV is the MAN we saw earlier at the funeral, chyroned as PASTOR ABIN COOPER, FIVE POINTS TRINITY CHURCH.

ABIN
Because no other message is supported by the scripture like what we say and do here today.

Travis enters behind his parents, pulling on his coat.

TRAVIS
I'm gonna borrow the car, alright?

MOTHER
We're gonna be on TV in a second! Watch!

On TV, a news report detailing the protest we saw earlier.

NEWS V.O.
This was the scene this morning outside the funeral of Jacob Harlow - the nineteen year old whose body was found last week in a dumpster behind *Harmony*, a well-known gay bar on Slattery Drive.
(Shot of a smiling youth)
Harlow is the latest victim in a rash of hate crimes that have rocked the city this year, baffling local authorities.
(Exterior shot of Five Points Trinity Church)
Pastor Abin Cooper and the members of his Five Points Trinity Church staged their four hundred and thirty second funeral demonstration since 2001 - a demonstration that reflected Cooper's fringe beliefs.

ABIN
(on TV)
Why're we *celebratin'* this fallen homosexual like he did somethin' other than what the Holy Word instructed him *not* to?

ABIN(CONT'D)
The homosexual's not to be celebrated or even tolerated, but rut out and *exposed* as a sinner. And sinners go to Hell.

Behind Cooper, we briefly see Travis' Mother's station wagon drive through the frame.

MOTHER
THERE WE ARE! THERE WE ARE!

FATHER
I'm sleepin' with a TV star tonight.

TRAVIS
How'd you know we were gonna be on there?

MOTHER
Barbara called me. She saw it on the news at five. You gonna tell your friends we're famous?

TRAVIS
Probably not.

FATHER
Where you off to tonight?

TRAVIS
Just drivin' around with Jarod and Billy-Ray. We might go see a movie.

FATHER
Make sure you fill that tank 'fore you bring it back.

TRAVIS
Can I get money for gas?

FATHER
Get it from yer friends. You're chauffeurin' 'em around all night.

Travis makes a face at his Dad as he exits.

TRAVIS
Later.

MOTHER
Lock the door when you come in, y'hear?

On the couch, the Father puts his hand between the Mother's legs. She moves his hand, looking toward the windows.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
Let him get out the *driveway* first.

EXT RURAL ROAD - NIGHT

A Station Wagon whips down the unlit back roads. We pass a sign that reads "LEAVING KING COUNTY."

INT CAR - SAME

Travis drives, Jarod's in the passenger seat, Billy-Ray's in the back. The radio blasts. After a beat, Billy-Ray leans forward.

BILLY-RAY
How we gonna do this?

JAROD
How you mean?

BILLY-RAY
I'm talkin' 'bout if you're gonna fuck her ass while I'm fucking her in the vag-tastic...

JAROD
"Vag-tastic"?

BILLY-RAY
How're you gonna get *under* us.

JAROD
Under *who?*

BILLY-RAY
Me and the lady.

Jarod looks to Travis, puzzled. Then he figures it out.

JAROD
You think the only way to fuck's *missionary* style? This is what happens when parents block porn sites: they raise socially backwards kids.

TRAVIS
Stop being socially backwards at the gang-bang, Billy-Ray.

BILLY-RAY
Pull over and let me out.

JAROD
Why're you so worried about the mechanics of how we get this shit done? Control your natural urge to suck on Travis' balls, everything's gonna be fine.

TRAVIS
(smiling)
But it'd feel even cooler if you *did* suck my balls.

Travis and Jarod are laughing, not watching the road.

BILLY-RAY
Fuck you guys.

JAROD
(to Travis)
And then he'll be all like…

Suddenly, through the windshield, we see the station wagon about to rear-end a parked car.

TRAVIS
SHIT!

EXT RURAL ROAD - SAME

The wagon swerves, but winds up side-swiping the parked car.

INT CAR - SAME

Travis slams on the brakes.

EXT RURAL ROAD - SAME

The wagon screeches to a stop on the dark, empty road.

INT CAR - SAME

Travis is trying to regain composure.

BILLY-RAY
Holy fuck, we hit it!

TRAVIS
We just side-swiped it.

BILLY-RAY
That's hittin' it!

JAROD
What the fuck are you stoppin' for? Fucking GO!

TRAVIS
I gotta see if someone's in it.

JAROD
Fuck that! It's so dark out here, they couldn't see us even if they were lookin'.

Travis reaches for the glove box and extracts a flashlight.

TRAVIS
We tear-ass outta here, the fuckin' cops're gonna show up at my house sooner or later. *Fuck* that. C'mon.

EXT RURAL ROAD - SAME

The trio of boys meet up at the back of the wagon and head down the road, toward the parked car, shining their flashlight at it.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
Who the fuck parks their car on the shoulder like that anyway?

BILLY-RAY
Maybe they ran outta gas out here.

Their flashlight shines on the parked car's driver's side, revealing the side-swipe.

TRAVIS
Shit...

BILLY-RAY
Fuck, man - you got 'em *good*.

The light then falls on the windshield. There's nobody in the car. Suddenly, a man pops up from the backseat, shirtless.

The boys freak out.

Then a shirtless Mexican Man peeks out from the back seat as well, wide-eyed.

The boys race back to the wagon. Doors are slammed. The wagon screeches away.

INT CAR - NIGHT

Travis pulls over, wide-eyed, checking his rearview. Jarod is looking back over his shoulder, as is Billy.

JAROD
That was a fuckin' *rush*, man! Now I just wanna get all *up* in that rural-ass pussy!

TRAVIS
Are you fuckin' *kiddin'* me? We're not goin' anymore!

BILLY-RAY
I'm with Travis.

JAROD
Are you out of yer minds? We're already *in* Cooper's Dell! If we back out now, we're gonna hate ourselves tomorrow.

TRAVIS
I won't hate *myself*...

JAROD
Well *I'll* hate you.

BILLY-RAY
Well I'm gonna hate not getting that pussy. Now let's not take this little fender-bender as a bad omen, boys! LET'S FUCKING DO THIS!

Travis throws the car into drive.

EXT RURAL ROAD - LATER

A small trailer off the side of the road, a beaten mailbox with a number on it out front. The station wagon pulls up.

INT CAR - SAME

The boys look to the trailer and mailbox.

BILLY-RAY.
She lives in a *trailer*?

JAROD
You live in a trailer, motherfucker.

BILLY-RAY
I was just askin'. *Damn*...

EXT TRAILER - SAME

The car pulls up to the front stairs. The boys pile out.

The trailer door opens and a WOMAN stands in the doorway, holding a beer.

She's in her mid-thirties, plain-looking, with her hair in pigtails, wearing jeans and a hoodie.

WOMAN
You Jarod?

JAROD
Hey there, MILF-Slut.

WOMAN
We ain't online no more, so you can just call me Sara.

JAROD
'kay. Sara, these are my friends Travis and Billy-Ray.

SARA swigs her beer, eyeing the lot.

SARA
I'll bet you boys wanna get up to the Devil's business, dont'cha?

Sara nods, a wry smile crossing her face. She then holds the trailer door open for the boys.

SARA (CONT'D)
Well the Devil's right in here...

The boys enter the trailer. Sara tosses her beer bottle off the porch and then follows, closing the door behind her.

EXT SHERIFF'S STATION - NIGHT

It's a small place. There are two cop cars out front. The side-swiped car from the rural road pulls up beside them. A HEAVY-SET MAN emerges, grabs clothes from the trunk, and heads toward the station.

INT SHERIFF'S STATION - SAME

DEPUTY PETE is at his desk, playing online poker. He's not doing well. The Heavy-Set Man enters the station.

HEAVY-SET MAN
Can you believe I got side-swiped tonight?

DEPUTY PETE
By who?

The Heavy-Set Man starts getting undressed at a desk. The nameplate on the desk reads "SHERIFF WYNAN".

SHERIFF WYNAN
Some kids. Out on Route 9.

DEPUTY PETE
You get 'em?

SHERIFF WYNAN
I was parked. They kept movin'.

DEPUTY PETE
(lost in his game)
Why were you parked?

SHERIFF WYNAN
I was making a reservation to take Helen out tomorrow night for our nineteenth.

DEPUTY PETE
Happy anniversary. You gonna take her someplace nice?

SHERIFF WYNAN
I'm gonna *give her* something nice, if y'know what I mean.

DEPUTY PETE
I'm thinking 'bout takin' Darla somewhere special for our fifth next month. Someplace overseas, y'know? Like maybe Italy.
(off his game)
Soon as I make enough off *these* donkeys...

SHERIFF WYNAN
Win enough to do the body-work on my car, wouldja? Dumb-ass kids...

DEPUTY PETE
How'd you know they were kids?

SHERIFF WYNAN
(pulling on his uniform)
They were driving some kinda Mom-mobile.

DEPUTY PETE
'spose that's some mighty keen detectin' skills there, Sheriff.

SHERIFF WYNAN
I'm gonna need you to go out and find 'em.

DEPUTY PETE
(looking up from game)
Are you kiddin' me? I'm off the clock twenty minutes now. The only reason I'm still here is 'cause *you're* s'damn late.

SHERIFF WYNAN
I gotta file the report so's I can make a claim. Just go out and take a quick look for the car, wouldja? Blue station wagon.

Deputy Pete heads out. Sheriff Wynan, now fully dressed, looks out the window to make sure the Deputy's pulled away, grabs a bottle from his desk drawer, sits in his chair, and takes a big swig.

SHERIFF WYNAN (CONT'D)
Oh, Jesus...

He takes another hit and starts crying mid-swig.

INT TRAILER LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - LATER

The three boys sit on a couch, holding beers, taking in their crappy surroundings. After a beat...

BILLY-RAY
S'nice.

Travis and Jarod eye Billy like he's nuts.

OC SARA
You boys finish yer beers yet?

JAROD
We're workin' on 'em.

OC SARA
It takes me a few beers to work up to the sex.

Sara emerges from the bedroom, wearing a sheer teddy. She heads to the fridge and pulls out three more beers (all of which are already opened) and stands at the edge of the living room, holding the cold ones.

SARA
So get drinkin' - 'cause I don't drink alone. And I don't let no men in me that ain't got at least two beers in *'em*.

The boys immediately down their beers; Billy-Ray almost choking his down. Sara nods, handing them replacements.

SARA (CONT'D)
Hows'bout y'all head in the bedroom back there and start strippin' down, so we can get this started?

They stare at her, imaginations running wild. She smiles.

SARA (CONT'D)
Go on, now.

The boys head toward the bedroom, shyly but eagerly.

SARA (CONT'D)
And finish them beers, y'hear?

INT TRAILER BEDROOM - LATER

Behind the closed door, the boys peel off their clothes.

BILLY-RAY
She really wants it, doesn't she?

JAROD
She ain't bad lookin' at all.

TRAVIS
She's a lot better lookin' in the face than I thought she'd be.

Jarod gets a bit dizzy and steels himself against the trailer wall.

BILLY-RAY
Her tits ain't nothin' to write home about...

Pulling off his pants, Billy hops to keep balance then falls over. Jarod and Travis laugh like they're doped up.

JAROD
This asshole's gonna knock hisself out 'fore he gets to nut!

BILLY-RAY
I feel really fucked *up*...

Jarod puts a hand on the wall to steady himself as he takes his pants off, turning away from the boys. He turns to see Billy-Ray and Travis out cold.

JAROD
Hey, man...

He tries to focus, stumbling backwards into the wall, sliding to his ass, kind of astonished as he realizes...

JAROD (CONT'D)
S'*fuckin' roofies*...

Travis' arms give out and he hits the floor, rolling on his side, struggling to maintain consciousness. His eyelids start drooping.

POV SHOT: through a haze, the last thing Travis sees is the bedroom door swinging open, and a large, male figure in the doorway, holding a roll of electrical tape in his hand. Behind him, we see the movement of two more men, heading toward us too.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN (SORTA).

JAROD'S POV SHOT: We stay in this for a bit - **HEARING** BUT **NOT SEEING** ANYTHING. We first hear the sound of labored breathing as the unseen Jarod regains consciousness.

JAROD
(voice only)
Uhnnnnnn . . .

It remains dark. We hear the rattle of thin metal. There's some low whispering that we can't quite make out.

JAROD (CONT'D)
(weakly)
Hello...?

The whispering continues, not acknowledging Jarod. We hear Jarod trying to move but being impeded by the rattling of the thin metal.

JAROD (CONT'D)
(weakly)
Hey! Who's there?
(beat)
S'at you guys?
(beat)
Travis? Billy-Ray?

More inaudible whispering, followed by suppressed giggling.

JAROD (CONT'D)
What the fuck are you guys doing, man? Lemme outta here.

We hear and feel the sharp jostle of someone striking thin metal. Jarod lets out a startled yelp. The voices go back to whispering and chuckling.

JAROD (CONT'D)
(gaining strength)
This fuckin' shit ain't funny, man! Lemme out!

Then, we hear a door open in the distance and the whispering stops. A voice calls out, but remains unintelligible.

JAROD (CONT'D)
HELLO?!

Suddenly, we get a sense of movement, like we're being carried, with the accompanying sound of exertion.

JAROD (CONT'D)
WHAT THE FUCK IS THIS?! I'M SERIOUS!

It's still dark, but there's an impression of light - not enough to show us where we are, but enough to communicate that we're purposely being denied sight. Suddenly, we hear a loud thud and metal crash, as if we've been dropped.

JAROD (CONT'D)
AHHHHH!

We hear the struggle of what sounds like two men trying to pick something up. We hear heavy footfalls beneath us.

JAROD (CONT'D)
THIS SHIT AIN'T FUCKIN' FUNNY!

Then, we hear the sound of a piano playing in the distance.

JAROD (CONT'D)
WHAT THE FUCK IS THAT?!

We hear Jarod yelling and fruitlessly kicking and pushing at whatever it is that's containing him. Then, there's the sound of people singing, getting closer by the second.

JAROD (CONT'D)
WHAT THE FUCK'S GOIN' ON?!

The singing's at full volume now, and there's the distinct impression of way more light just beyond whatever's enshrouding us. We hear whatever it is that's holding us be placed on the ground. Jarod struggles anew, screaming...

JAROD (CONT'D)
LEMME OUTA HERE! LEMME OUT! I SWEAR TO GOD I'M GONNA FUCKIN' KILL YOU!

Then, some light pours in. We see the bottom of what looks like a dog cage, and beyond it, a tarp of sorts being lifted by a small hand. Then, the tarp's lifted some more, and we see a SIX YEAR OLD crouched down, looking at us. Behind him, we can see adult legs, industrial grade red carpeting, and what look like church pews. The little boy stares at us blankly.

JAROD (CONT'D)
Hey! Hey - can you open this or something and lemme outta here?

The little boy offers us a sweet smile. We see adult legs approach and he's pulled away. The lifted corner of the tarp affords a small window into the world. Our POV shifts wildly, trying to discern what's going on. We catch a glimpse of a sheet-covered figure, about five feet tall and four feet wide. The sheet moves, as if someone's beneath it. We hear muffled crying.

JAROD (CONT'D)
(calling at draped figure)
TRAVIS!

We're now on Jarod's face, as he screams from the small, un-tarped corer of his cage. Pull back, giving us our first full view of the surroundings: we're in a chapel with no specific religious iconography behind or around the pulpit. There are pews, in which sit approximately twenty or so people of various ages, including as young as infants. They read from a hymnal, singing along to the accompaniment of the MAN at the upright piano.

Beneath the sounds of the singing, we hear the low wail of someone in pain. It's coming from what's clearly a sheet-covered human being, draped and hidden from view, but struggling, ever-struggling.

Jarod's cramped in a large dog cage, dressed only in his underwear (now filthy, as if he's been dragged). He sees...

A fully-dressed Sara sits beside her husband CALEB in the front row. Behind her, their daughter CHEYENNE (21), is surrounded by kids, holding one on her lap.

JAROD (CONT'D)
HEY! HEY YOU FUCKING BITCH, LEMME OUTTA HERE!

His screams go unacknowledged. As the song comes to a close, the man at the organ leading the singing - ABIN COOPER himself - rises.

ABIN
That's just lovely. Just *lovely*. Y'all give the Mormon Tabernacle a run for their money.

All chuckle. Jarod explodes, kicking at his cage, screaming. Abin and the others ignore the outcry.

ABIN (CONT'D)
That was some demonstration we put on today, wasn't it?

ALL
YEAH/SURE WAS/AWESOME.

ABIN
(holds up print-out)
This here's a print-out of an article from tomorrow's Post about what we done. That's what they call *national* coverage.

Abin nods toward ABIGAIL (Abin's sister) who sits up front, knitting while she listens, smiling.

ABIN (CONT'D)
And Abigail TiVo'ed a segment that ran on the five o'clock news, so you can all watch it later - t'see if you can see yourselves on the TV.

The congregation and Abin laugh. This whole time, Jarod's been crying and yelling, rattling his cage, ignored by all.

ABIN (CONT'D)
Next week, we gonna paint the garage. So I'm gonna need some volunteers...
(to youngsters)
Big, *strong* volunteers to help out. Are you big and strong?

The little BOY, sitting on Cheyenne's lap, nods, smiling.

ABIN (CONT'D)
R.J., lemme see how Popeye do.

The little Boy throws his arms up, making muscles. Everyone laughs and *awwwwws*, including Abin - who throws his hands up, as if defending himself from an attack.

ABIN (CONT'D)
Don't hurt me, Popeye! Don't hurt me!

JAROD
(building to a scream)
PLEASE LEMME THE FUCK OUTTA HERE!!!

Abin barely affords Jarod a glance. He looks to Caleb.

ABIN
Caleb - would you *mind*? It's gettin' a little much now.

Caleb rises from his front pew and jams a stun gun through the bars of the cage, shocking Jarod - who lets out a scream. Caleb takes his seat again as Jarod whimpers. Abin resumes.

ABIN (CONT'D)
Good evenin', family.

ALL
Good evenin', Dad/Grampa/Pastor!

ABIN
And what's so good about it? Such as Psalms 118, verse 24 "This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it."

ALL
Amen!

ABIN
(looks through his Bible)
"Woe is unto me, if I preach not the gospel" says Corinthians 9:16.

MELANIE
(age six)
Amen, Grampa!

ABIN
(chuckling; to all)
I got an Amen outta Baby Melanie.
(to Melanie)
You like what Grampa's saying up here, baby-doll?

MELANIE
I do.

ABIN
Well then, Grampa'll ...

But he's interrupted by the low moaning from beneath the sheet which has gotten louder, sounding as if something's obstructing its speech. Abin reaches over the pulpit with his Bible and bashes the figure's head with the thick book. The moaning turns to a whimper.

ABIN (CONT'D)
"Woe is unto me, if I preach not the gospel." He can't put it any plainer'n that. So what're we waitin' for - an *e*-mail from God Himself? I, for one, am gonna do as told and preach His holy Word.

All applaud ecstatically. Abin smiles and quiets them.

ABIN (CONT'D)
We read in Hebrews 11 "By faith Noah, bein' warned of God of things not seen as yet, moved with fear, prepared an ark to the savin' of his house, by which he condemned the world." There were a lot more people in the world in those times - more people than're on earth *today*. And the Lord God killed 'em all but Noah and his flock. All drowned and gone to Hell, praise His name!

ALL
Amen!

ABIN
Now, if you listen to some of those maudlin, touchy-feely preachers out there peddlin' soft faith - they'll tell you what you *wanna* hear, 'steada what you *need* to hear. "God loves you," they'll say. "God loves *every-body*." But killing all those people in the flood - does that sound like *love*? Does that sound like a God who *forgives* your sins?

ALL

No!

ABIN

Your *lust*?

CHEYENNE

NO!

ABIN

Your carnal *desires*?

SARA

NO!

ABIN

That's a God who *abhors* the wicked. He abhors those that ignore his righteous teachin'; who forsake His covenant and scoff at His acts. God doesn't love you unless you *fear* Him. And what kinda fear we talkin' about? Not the kinda fear we have of snakes, though that be a just fear. Not the kinda fear we have of bein' found out if we take a cookie from Gramma's jar without her say so.

Abin smiles at one of his Grandkids. They smile in return, covering their eyes playfully. Abin jumps back into fire and brimstone mode.

ABIN (CONT'D)

I *fear* God. Oh, you better believe *I* fear God. But it's the fear that's born of respect. *Devotion*. *Adoration*. *Sacrifice*. And knowledge of the scripture, praise Him.

ALL

Amen!

ABIN

So I preach the scripture. I preach, I preach, I preach.

ABIN(CONT'D)
I preach as my Daddy preached, and his Daddy 'fore *him*. My Grandad built this church goin' on nearly a hundred years ago. He used to minister at 12th Street up there in the city, 'til he couldn't stomach the deviltry of urban life no more and he abandoned that modern day Gomorrah to settle Cooper's Dell, June of 1917. But if he thought people were depraved back *then*, his head'd 'bout near *explode* if he saw how wicked this country's become. I *hate* the wickedness of America and all the Godless sin-worshipers who populate it. "Do not I hate them, O Lord, that hate thee?" Such as Psalms 139. "Am I not *grieved* with those that rise up *against* thee? I hate them with *perfect* hatred. I count them mine *enemies*." And who's the greatest enemy of God, Cheyenne?

CHEYENNE
Satan!

ABIN
And who's Satan's instrument on earth, Fiona May?

FIONA MAY
(age eight)
The homosexuals!

ABIN
(smiles, pointing at her)
Amen, darlin'. Homosexuals have run amuck in this nation for damn near thirty years now, and look at what's happened. Rampant, flagrant sexuality in every corner of media, schools, malls, billboards, books, clothes, toys, music, *EVERYWHERE!* You can't turn on the television without seein' some jackass wavin' his privates!

ABIN(CONT'D)
And that's 'cause the moral spine in this country's been weakened by permissive attitudes and unabashed tolerance for *homosexuality*! *GODLESSNESS!* The casual acceptance of homosexuality has hastened our demise as a species! Is there anyone who can look at the news and deny these are the End Times? We're livin' in the seven years of the Tribulation right *now!* Outside our fence lays a world at waste. Famine, such as in Africa. Pestilence, such as the gay AIDS. Floods, such as N'awlins and Thailand, where pederasts travel thousands of miles TO SODOMIZE LITTLE BABIES!!!

The group: righteously appalled. Abin: eyes closed, lost in his own words for a moment.

ABIN (CONT'D)
Hundreds of thousands of homo-sexuals and fornicators, justly drowned dead in that Tsunami. I never saw the hand of God so clearly in anything in all my life. The Lord's bore witness to this land's apostasy and He's done with it. The end is nigh.
(to Cheyenne)
Cheyenne, Baby-Doll? You can take the babies out for their lessons now. Thing's're gonna get grown uppy in here. Go on, babies. Grampa loves you.

Cheyenne collects all the children twelve and under, and ushers them out the back of the chapel, closing the doors behind her. Once they're gone, Abin's all business.

ABIN (CONT'D)
You wanna see who we have to thank for the extinction of the human race?

Abin pulls the sheet from the figure, revealing the MAN from the airport (who'd asked the Guardsmen for directions). He's bound from toes to chin in Saran Wrap - like a full body prophylactic. His arms are tied behind him, over a wooden cross beam that's staked into the floor, a rubber ball-gag in his mouth. There's terror in his eyes. Jarod stares - agog and scared.

ABIN (CONT'D)
Leviticus 18:22 - "Thou shalt not lie with mankind as with womankind: It is an *Abomination."* He don't stop there. Such as Leviticus 20:13 "If a man also lie with mankind, as he lieth with a woman, both of them have committed an *abomination*: they shall surely... be put... to death."
(looks to Man)
"Their blood shall be upon them."

The Man tries to scream through his gag. Abin chuckles.

ABIN (CONT'D)
Oh, it didn't like *that*...

As the congregation laughs, Abin steps down from the pulpit, which scares the Man.

ABIN (CONT'D)
Y'all know 'bout the world wide web? That web's the Devil's playground, filled with heretofore *unimagined* sexual depravity and lurid solicitations for moral debasement under the security of total anonymity. Ain't nothin' but devils on that 'web. But there're angels on that web too, now ain't there?

ALL
YEAH/AMEN/THERE ARE

ABIN
We *harnessed* the Devil's technology and went out as sheep amongst wolves in the homosexually oriented chat-rooms. Built us some straw-men that were a l'il *light in the loafers.*

(off the prisoner)
Y'know what brought *this* particular creature all the way to Cooper's Dell? The promise of *shit*-sex. How 'bout that? This animal came all the way from California to take his tally-wacker and push it into a man's rectum.

The congregation laughs. Abin shakes his head.

ABIN (CONT'D)
You can't keep these gay devils off the internets. Hope springs eternal in a homosexual. They're insects, easily trapped in the holy snare of God - in that there *web.* And we deal with 'em like God taught us to. Like the way we dealt with little Jacob Harlow, who burns in Hell as we speak.

CONGREGATION
AMEN!

ABIN
There's a commandment that speaks against killin', isn't there? But God's talkin' 'bout the murder of a *human bein'*. Just as the *germ* isn't mourned when it's cured, nor does God punish us for what we do here. A homosexual won't stop sinnin' of its own volition; it hasn't the *capacity* for logic or temperance. So it's up to the righteous to curb the spread of its disease.

ABIN(CONT'D)
"If a man also lie with mankind, as he lieth with a woman, both of them have committed an abomination: *they shall surely be put to death!*" God *tells* us we're righteous in our cause!

The Man tries to scream. Abin nods to a pair of his flock. They move toward prisoner and Saran Wrap his head, looping over and over again as the man struggles in vain. Abin preaches.

ABIN (CONT'D)
"For the wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness."

Close on a good-sized Bible that's handed to Caleb. It opens to reveal an old handgun, circa late 1800's. A hand withdraws it.

Mordechai and Jeb reach in and hold the Saran-Wrapped man's head still (and up straight) as he struggles against them.

Caleb steps behind the Man and points the muzzle of his gun into the top of the struggling Man's head. He coldly fires. The Saran Wrapped head fills with blood as the Man writhes.

Caleb carefully pulls the gun back from the spasming Man head as Jeb and Mordechai immediately Saran Wrap the wound shut, so no blood spills on the chapel floor. The Man shrieks in agony beneath his grotesque mask.

In his cage, Jarod screams, horrified.

An area rug is lifted and a large trap door is revealed. As two men open it, we see TRAVIS AND BILLY (still clad only in their underwear, bound back-to-back with Saran-Wrap, seated on the floor), both screaming.

A pair of axes chop at the ropes that held the Man captive.

The Saran-Wrapped Man drops through the hole in the floor.

INT HOLDING CELL - SAME

The body falls beside a scurrying Travis and Billy.

INT CHAPEL - SAME

As the floor door is closed again, Jarod is dragged, kicking and screaming, from the cage, to the wood of the sacrificial cross.

INT HOLDING CELL - SAME

Travis and Billy scream louder as they see the flailing Jarod tied to the wood. Then, the door slams closed, plunging them back into darkness.

INT CHAPEL - SAME

Isaiah and Mordechai Saran-Wrap a flailing Jarod to the post.

JAROD
PLEASE DON'T DO THIS! I'M NOT GAY!

ABIN
You might be *worse*. *You* came to these woods to share a bed with other men, fornicatin' in ways that caused the *destruction* of both Sodom *and* Gomorrah!

JAROD
(being gagged)
I DON'T WANNA DIE!!!

ABIN
You're already dead, sinner!

EXT FIVE POINTS SIDE GATE - NIGHT

All's quiet outside. Then, a POLICE CAR crawls by.

INT CRUISER - NIGHT

Deputy PETE is behind the wheel, his radio cranked.

He shines a flashlight at what looks like a parking lot for Five Points... or a car graveyard.

POV SHOT: through the passenger door window, we see the light momentarily fall on the tail end of a side-swiped station wagon, jutting out from behind a shed.

Deputy Pete puts on the brakes, puts the car in park, shuts the radio off, and double-checks what he just saw.

POV SHOT: a closer look at the tail end of the station wagon.

INT HOLDING CELL - SAME

It's dark. We can barely see Billy-Ray and Travis; they're lit by slim cracks of light from the floorboards. The parishioners join the organ accompaniment, sing a Christian dirge. Billy-Ray is whimpering.

TRAVIS
(hushed tones)
Billy-Ray?

The whimpering continues.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
Billy-Ray!

BILLY-RAY
They... they gonna do us like... like they did that guy...

TRAVIS
No they ain't, 'cause we gonna get outta here.

BILLY-RAY
We gonna get slaughtered!

TRAVIS
Not if we get the fuck outta here first. Listen to me, Billy - the guy they dumped on us...

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
I think one of his bones snapped and stuck out his skin when he landed. 'cause I feel something stabbin' my leg...

BILLY-RAY
(horrified by this)
What the fuck, man?! What the *fuck?!*

TRAVIS
We can use it to cut through this tape, ya' hear? But I need you to *work* with me.

BILLY-RAY
We shoulda went home like you said...

TRAVIS
BILLY! SHUT THE FUCK UP AND DO LIKE I SAY, AND WE'LL GET THE FUCK HOME, I PROMISE!

Soft whimpering. Then...

BILLY-RAY
Wh... what I gotta do?

TRAVIS
Just lean back so I can lean forward. I think I can cut this shit on the bone.

We hear and slightly see the pair trying to reposition.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
I got it. Just stay like that.

BILLY-RAY
Hurry, Travis...

They begin jostling in the dark against the jagged bone. Then, the music and singing from above suddenly stops.

TRAVIS
Just keep it up, man. I can feel the tape tearin' ...

BILLY-RAY
I want my Mom! I just want my Mom...

INT CHAPEL - SAME

All are quiet and still, eyes on Abin, who has his hand up, indicating no movement. He looks to...

One of the church members, in a doorway to Abin's left, his hand also up with clenched fist in the militaristic "Halt" fashion, holding a laptop. He brings it to Abin.

Push in on the laptop screen revealing security camera feed of Deputy Pete at the front gate, trying to get in.

EXT FIVE POINTS SIDE GATE - NIGHT

At the gate, Deputy Pete is looking for the latch.

OC ABIN
You won't find it.

Deputy Pete jumps a mile, startled. He looks to see Abin approaching the fence.

ABIN
This is one of them electronic gates. Got a magnetic lock.

DEPUTY PETE
Ah... *that's* why I couldn't... Sorry to disturb you, Pastor.

ABIN
S'alright - you're the law. What can I do for you, Officer?

DEPUTY PETE
I'm following up on a report of a traffic accident. A station wagon side-swiped a car out on Route 9.

ABIN
Good Lord. I hope nobody was hurt.

DEPUTY PETE
No, sir. The car was empty at the time. But I see you've got a wagon over there that looks like it's got some damage that matches the description.

Abin looks over in the direction the Deputy is indicating.

ABIN
Well I'll be...

He says nothing for a bit, leaving the Deputy hanging.

DEPUTY PETE
So I was thinkin' ...

ABIN
I done asked those girls multiple times...

DEPUTY PETE
Sir?

ABIN
My Grandaughters . Sometimes they'll take one of the cars into town to fetch milk or paper. I'm guessin' they're your culprits. I know it's not politically correct to say this, but women and cars? Not a good mix.

DEPUTY PETE
Yeah.

ABIN
Listen, I'd sure like to keep the insurance devils out of this. The rates are already too high, and as you know, I'm not exactly Mr. Popularity 'round these parts.

DEPUTY PETE
(chuckling)
Well...

ABIN
Howsabout you put me in touch with whoever's car it is the girls scraped up, and maybe I can deal with 'em privately and make some financial restitution. Seein' as no one's hurt and it's just some cosmetic damage.

DEPUTY PETE
(nodding)
Guess that'd be *fine*. I'll phone it into y'all in the mornin'.

ABIN
Much obliged, Officer. Now if there's nothin' else, I'll get back to my services.

DEPUTY PETE
You're havin' a mass this late?

ABIN
You're thinkin' of the Catholics. They're the ones with that mass business - wine and the wafers. We're just readin' from the Good Book. Singin' a few hymns. You're welcome to join us.

DEPUTY PETE
No, I should be gettin' back to the wife. But I appreciate the offer.

Deputy Pete heads for his cruiser. Abin nods.

ABIN
'night.

INT HOLDING CELL - SAME

Tight on the Saran Wrap binding Billy/Travis together. It's almost cut all the way through. They speak in hushed tones.

EXT FIVE POINTS SIDE GATE - SAME

Deputy Pete opens his car door, then stops.

DEPUTY PETE
'scuse me, Pastor?

A few feet from the gate, en route back to the house, Abin stops in his tracks.

DEPUTY PETE (CONT'D)
Just a thought I had.

Abin turns to face the Deputy, who's standing at the open door of his cruiser.

ABIN
Hm?

DEPUTY PETE
Well, I remember when you went over to the Vatican to protest that dead Pope's funeral. And, well... I'm a Catholic m'self - with the wine and wafers. And I was wonderin' ...
(beat)
Is Italy *nice?*

Abin looks at him, at a loss for words - except...

ABIN
Italy?

DEPUTY PETE
Yeah - I was thinkin' of takin' the wife someplace exotic for our five year, and Italy was on the list.

ABIN
Well, it's... it's full of I-talians. So there's *that*.

INT HOLDING CELL - SAME

The Saran Wrap binding the boys together suddenly snaps.

Billy pulls away from Travis, stripping tape off his body and heading for a crack of light under the door. Travis, struggles to his feet, but he finds he's still bound around his ankles.

TRAVIS
Billy!

Billy turns back.

BILLY-RAY
What the fuck?! Let's go!

TRAVIS
My feet!

Billy rushes back to Travis and tries pulling at the tape, to no avail.

BILLY-RAY
It's too tight!

TRAVIS
Just pull!

BILLY-RAY
(a bit louder)
I'm tryin', goddamit, but my hands are soaked!

Travis loses his balance and falls backwards over the Saran-Wrapped Man's body, landing against a wall with a thud.

INT CHAPEL - SAME

The motionless, praying parishioners react to the noise.

Caleb (who's holding a gun to the gagged Jarod's head to keep him extra quiet) looks to Sara. Sara nods to the floor below Jarod's feet.

INT HOLDING CELL - SAME

Billy's still tugging at Travis' taped ankles.

TRAVIS
SHHH! Wait!

Both boys freeze, looking up. We hear footsteps above them. After a beat, the door in the ceiling is violently yanked open, filling their corner of the room with a beam of light, causing them to squint. Suddenly, Caleb looks down through the grates, locking eyes with them. He rushes off, letting the door slam.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
Hurry, Billy! They're comin'!

Billy's desperately tugging at the tape around Travis' ankles, but then looks up.

POV SHOT: We follow the foot-falls across the ceiling above.

Billy-Ray jumps to his feet.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
What the fuck're you doin'?!

Billy-Ray slowly backs up, offering Travis a pathetic, apologetic look, then turns and dashes for the door.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
BILLY HELP ME!!!

EXT FIVE POINTS SIDE GATE - SAME

Deputy Pete chuckles.

DEPUTY JOHN
Fulla I-talians, huh? I guess that'd stand t'reason.

ABIN
'night, now.

INT BASEMENT HALLWAY - SAME

Billy-Ray crashes into the wall just outside the door, Travis' wailing following him.

Suddenly, behind Billy-Ray, in the distance, we hear and see another door at the top of a small flight of stairs get yanked open, briefly pouring light into what looks like a multi-roomed basement hallway, until Caleb fills the doorway, backlit so he appears only as a hulking shadow barreling down the stairs toward us.

Billy-Ray runs down the hallway in the opposite direction, looking for a way out. He finds a door that's locked and throws his body against it a few times 'til the door gives.

INT HOLDING CELL - SAME

Travis frantically pulls at his ankle bonds, looking up to see Caleb race by the open door, in pursuit of Billy-Ray.

INT ROOM - SAME

Billy-Ray slams the door behind him, plunging the room into darkness, scrambling backwards, pinning himself against the wall at the opposite side, just as Caleb kicks the door open flooding the room with light.

Pull back from Billy-Ray's terrified face to reveal him surrounded by a ROOMFUL OF GUNS, RIFLES, AND AUTOMATIC WEAPONS - ENOUGH TO TAKE ON A SMALL ARMY.

EXT FIVE POINTS SIDE GATE - SAME

Deputy Pete is climbing into his cruiser as Abin turns to head back to the house.

INT ROOM - SAME

Billy suddenly realizes he's armed to the teeth, and in a flash, grabs an AK-47 - just as Caleb brings his pistol up to shoot him. Both open fire simultaneously: Billy taking a shot in the head, falling backwards as he fires the machine gun; a stream of bullets filling Caleb full of holes as it blows him out of the doorway.

INT CHAPEL - SAME

Sara, Mordechai and the others react to the sound.

INT KIDS' ROOM - SAME

So does Cheyenne, as she plays with the kids.

EXT FIVE POINTS SIDE GATE - SAME

Deputy Pete hears the muffled sound of the automatic weapon in the distance and goes on alert mode.

DEPUTY JOHN
What was that?

They lock eyes for a moment. After a beat, Abin smiles.

DEPUTY JOHN (CONT'D)
Sonovabitch ...

Deputy Pete dives into his car, grabbing his radio.

DEPUTY JOHN (CONT'D)
Sheriff, I got shots fired, repeat, shots fired inside Five Points!

INT SHERIFF'S STATION - SAME

Nearly-empty bottle of courage at his side, the Sheriff grabs the radio.

SHERIFF WYNAN
In *Cooper's* church?

EXT FIVE POINTS SIDE GATE - SAME

Deputy Pete stands up out of his car, radio still in hand.

DEPUTY JOHN
Requestin' immediate backup!
Repeat, requestin' immediate...

Boom off Abin to reveal MORDECHAI behind him, marching from the house, shotgun firmly in his grasp. The Deputy freaks.

DEPUTY JOHN (CONT'D)
JESUS CHRIST!

He drops the radio and reaches for his piece, just as Mordechai reaches the fence and fires, blowing a hole through the Deputy's chest.

INT SHERRIF'S STATION - SAME

The Sheriff reacts to the sound.

SHERIFF WYNAN
Was that a gunshot, Pete?

He awaits a response. Nothing. Just crackle.

SHERIFF WYNAN (CONT'D)
Pete?
(beat; tries again)
Pete, you still there?
(beat; gets worried)
Pete?

Then, the crackle cuts out - and there's a response.

ABIN
(on radio)
This that fat faggot who likes to sodomize wetbacks out on Route 9?

The Sheriff stares at the radio, shell-shocked. It takes him a beat to collect himself enough to respond.

SHERIFF WYNAN
Who is this?! Where's the Deputy?

ABIN
God sees *all*, queer. Sometimes, God takes pictures, too: unseemly photographs of you treating men like they were women. Near my church!

ABIN(CONT'D)
That make it funner for you, faggot? A cock in your mouth not a mile from a house of worship?

The Sheriff is terrified, sweat rolling down his face.

ABIN (CONT'D)
Now there was some *unpleasantness* out here tonight. You let us clean it up, and keep yer mouth shut about it, and I won't send your wife, or your kid over at State, or the *Courier* those images of how you like to *use* that mouth. And I ain't talkin' 'bout stuffin' it with Moon Pies, neither. Keep your faggot-ass trap shut, Sheriff - and everything gonna be just *fine*.

The lines goes dead with crackle again.

EXT FIVE POINTS SIDE GATE - SAME

Abin tosses the radio back into the cruiser, and steps over the Deputy's body, addressing Mordechai.

ABIN .
What the hell was that?

MORDECHAI
Those kids was cuttin' themselves loose downstairs, so Caleb went to deal with 'em.

ABIN
So he shoots 'em up while I got a law-dog standin' out here?!

MORDECHAI
(off Deputy's body; sad)
I played football with Pete's older brother back in school.

ABIN
You did what you had to, boy.
'sides - he was a Roman Catholic.
(off body)
You take yer marchin' orders from a church fulla land-barons and pederasts, you're only marginally better than a Sodomite.

MORDECHAI
You want I should move his car on property.

ABIN
No - put him in the trunk and drive him out by the end of town. I know it's a long ride, but he *is* an officer of the law, and the Feds tend t'get *investigative* when it comes to the killin' of their own.

INT SHERIFF'S STATION - SAME

The Sheriff's at his desk, loading bullets into his revolver.

Through tears, he downs the rest of his booze, looks at his wife's picture with deep regret in his eyes, then brings the gun to his head. He's summoning the courage to pull the trigger, when his eyes fall on something OC.

On a corkboard across the room, there's a WANTED poster - issued by the BUREAU OF ALCOHOL, TOBACCO AND FIREARMS.

EXT APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Establishing shot. Looks like you need to make about $60k a year to live there.

INT KEENAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A couple sleeps in bed, the clock beside them reading 2:45. Suddenly, the bedside phone rings. KEENAN stirs, reaching for the receiver, groggily muttering...

KEENAN

Hello?

This starts a conversation of which we only ever hear Keenan's side.

KEENAN (CONT'D)

This is Keenan.
(beat)
I'm sorry, who now?
(beat)
Sorry, sir. Yes - that case is under preliminary investigation.

Keenan sits up in bed. He turns a lamp on and lights a cigarette.

KEENAN (CONT'D)

Uh... report was that members of the church were seeking semi-automatic firearms, mid-2004, before AWB expired. We had unconfirmed reports they got a few.
(beat)
Well the intelligence suggested they were modifying the weapons. At least, that was the testimony of a guy who sold them some shotguns. He said they made inquiries about modifications.
(beat)
No, sir - undercover infiltration was unsuccess... Can you... Sorry, sir - can I call you right back? It'll just be a few minutes.

Keenan rises, puts his cigarette on the beside table and hurriedly exits, just as his wife rolls over to face us. We hear pissing just OC and Keenan lets out a relieved moan. Keenan's Wife rolls back over, just as Keenan returns.

KEENAN (CONT'D)

If you really love me, you'd make some coffee while I shower.

Keenan's Wife lets out a big sigh and climbs out of bed. Keenan gives her ass a playful smack as she passes him.

INT BASEMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Caleb's bullet-ridden body, drenched in blood.

Abin and the male members of his flock are squeezed into the basement hallway, surveying the mess. Abin's face is a mixture of sorrow and fury.

Sara comes down the basement stairs, pushing her way through.

SARA
Move! *MOVE!*

She pushes through to Abin and sees her dead husband. Immediately, she collapses, wailing in agony. Abin takes hold of her, hugging her tightly.

ABIN
I know, Baby-doll, I know...

SARA
OH CALEB! NO! NOOOOO!

ABIN
(soothingly)
Timothy 4, baby-doll. Timothy 4. "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

SARA
NOOOOOOO!!!

Abin holds Sara's face, looking her in the eyes.

ABIN
He's gone home to Jesus, girl. Let us rejoice and be glad in it.

Sara composes herself, nodding through tears. Abin brings her to the doorway, indicating what's inside.

ABIN (CONT'D)
And look here: he didn't die in vain.

INT ROOM - SAME

Sara and Abin look to two bodies: the shot-in-the-head Billy-Ray atop the bloody, apparent corpse of Travis.

ABIN (CONT'D)
He sent both of these devils straight to Hell 'fore they killed him. With his dyin' breath, he probably saved us all.

Sara breaks free of Abin and rushes the bodies, screaming.

SARA
I HATE YOU! I HATE YOU! I HATE YOU...!!!

Abin drags Sara back from the bodies, lifting her to her feet. Father embraces daughter. Sara whimpers.

ABIN
Save your rage. We still got one more upstairs, 'member? Save it for that bastard - am I right?

Sara nods, collecting herself. Abin sings to his daughter, as he moves her down the hallway, passing through the crowd.

As Abin and Sara leave our view, a trio of men lift Caleb's body from the ground. The assembled crowd heads away as we pull back, coming to rest on the two bodies of Billy-Ray and Travis. After a long beat, Travis' eyes open.

INT KEENAN'S KITCHEN - DAY

Coffee's brewing.

Keenan's Wife makes scrambled eggs at the stove. Keenan enters, wearing an open shirt and underwear, carrying the rest of his clothes, which he lays over the back of a dining table chair. He's on his cell now, dressing while talking. He lays an open case file on the table.

KEENAN
They're a pretty tight-knit group, sir - approximately twenty to twenty five members of the church, all related by blood or marriage - which made it impossible to get any coverts inside.
(beat)
No, sir, you're thinkin' of Fred Phelps and his family out in Kansas. GOD HATES FAGS. They're irritating, but they're not gun nuts like the Coopers. They're suers, not doers.
(reading from file)
Last April, someone at Five Points reported an IED set off on church property. No injuries sustained and minimal damage done to a tree. But in an interview with local media, Cooper claimed that if a bomb'd been set off in synagogue, black church or...
(checks notes in file)
"...homo-friendly Unitarian coven" there'd have been an uproar. No suspects, no arrests. Local law enforcement chalked it up to townie kids having fun at the church's expense, but it spooked the Coopers into tearing down the barns on their property, turning 'em into barricade fences. Locals call it the Great Wall of Bullshit.
(beat)
Yes, sir - after the one in China.

Keenan offers his wife the "what an idiot" eye-roll as she hands him a mug of coffee and a plate of eggs.

KEENAN (CONT'D)
What made 'em persons-of-interest was an interview Cooper gave to the *Patriot Times* right around then.
(reading from notes)
"If the law won't protect us from the Philistines and the Sodomites, we'll protect ourselves." Couple that comment with the weapons allegations, and you can see why...
(beat)
We've had 'em on surveillance off-and-on. They're pretty easy to keep track of: when they're not protesting gay bars or chasing headlines, they mostly stick to their compound. Hold their daily services.

Keenan goes silent, listening. His wife sips coffee.

KEENAN (CONT'D)
I know I'm low man on the totem pole, but are you sure that's wise at this juncture, sir?
(beat)
Why? Because if you give us a few days, we can dig up something more *substantial* than this Sheriff's...

Keenan listens, flabbergasted and frustrated. He stands now, tucking in his shirt.

KEENAN (CONT'D)
If that's how you wanna play it...
(beat)
I'm not questioning your call at all, sir, I'm just saying that our... *history* - with situations like this hasn't been exactly...

Keenan takes an earful. He looks to his wife and shakes his head ruefully. She rubs his shoulders for support as she passes, exiting the kitchen.

KEENAN (CONT'D)
Yes, sir.
(beat)
It's dawn here, but we can be fully mobilized and on-site in an hour, if that's...
(beat)
I understand.

Keenan pulls on his ATF Jacket.

KEENAN (CONT'D)
I'll do my absolute best to see that it goes smoothly, sir.

INT BASEMENT HALLWAY - LATER

Travis quickly pokes his head out of the room, making sure its' clear. He enters the hallway carrying a machine gun, creeping down the dimly lit path, hugging the walls, making his way toward the staircase ahead.

INT CHAPEL

Caleb's laid on the front pew, three woman washing blood from the bullet holes that riddle his body.

The rest of the congregation are in closed-eye prayer-song, weeping through a funeral dirge. Jarod still hangs there, waiting for death, a canvas bag covering his head. We pan over to reveal the bloodied Travis, peeking around the corner of a doorway.

Breathing heavily, he tries to figure out the best exit strategy, frustrated that there really isn't one. He eyes Jarod, knowing that if he doesn't do something soon, his friend will be killed. He raises the machine gun.

POV SHOT: a targeting practice run, shooting down the barrel of the machine gun, pointing from Abin to the rest of the congregation in the pews.

problem is, there are KIDS present, sitting beside their parents, on their parents' laps. Even Abin holds Fiona, their eyes closed in prayer.

Travis quietly expresses his frustration, crying a bit to himself: he can't risk shooting without hitting kids, too. He lowers his gun.

He frantically cases the room again, poking his head out further from his hidden position in the doorway.

POV SHOT: the doors at the back of the chapel. Easily exited, if he can make it through the congregation. And his chances of doing so are no better than now - as they're all lost in mournful song.

He looks to Jarod and realizes he can't save him without getting captured in the process. After a moment of deliberation and acceptance, Travis psychs himself up, panting heavily, about to make the run - when suddenly, Sara rushes the hooded Jarod, beating on him. She's pulled back by her daughter Cheyenne, who's surrounded by the children.

Travis steels himself anew and takes off like a shot, running down the middle aisle of the chapel, heading for the doors. His running snaps some of the congregation to attention, but it's so fast, they barely have time to react. Travis reaches the doors, hurls one open, and races out.

Abin hears the door and looks up, just in time to see Travis exit. The congregation look to him, shocked. A bunch of the men clear the pews, heading out in chase.

INT TUNNELS - SAME

POV SHOT: running through the Cooper tunnel system.

Completely unfamiliar with his surroundings, Travis desperately searches for a way out, as the sounds of the congregation giving chase starts to grow.

Travis light coming from a staircase and heads for it.

INT STAIRWELL - SAME

Travis races up the stairs, machine gun in his hands.

INT FIVE POINTS MANOR - SAME

Travis races around a staircase and emerges in the foyer of a house, banally appointed and creepily at odds with where he was and what he looks like. POV TRAVIS: We see a front door. We quickly look back to see shadows of the coming throng, then swing back to the door and race to it.

EXT FIVE POINTS MANOR - DAY

Push in on the door as Travis emerges from a castle-looking two-story house with a massive cross on its porch. He's screaming, nearly naked, brandishing his empty machine gun. He gets a few feet off the porch before he's **blown away,** dropping him dead in a water fountain.

THE ATF is just outside the gate, in full - with a bevy of cars and agents.

INT FIVE POINTS MANOR - SAME

The Five pointers who were giving chase immediately hit the deck and pin themselves against the walls inside.

EXT FIVE POINTS MANOR - SAME

Keenan goes apeshit.

KEENAN (CONT'D)
Who fired?! Who *fired*, goddammit?!

ASAC
(Assistant Special Agent in Charge)
Local PD, sir.

Keenan looks from his fellow agent to Sheriff Wynan, who's lowering a high-powered rifle, looking back at Keenan scared. Keenan smokes up to him and grabs his rifle, yanking it away.

KEENAN
Who the fuck are *you?* Did he *fire* at us?

SHERIFF WYNAN
He was armed and...

KEENAN
Did he *open fire* at us?!

SHERIFF WYNAN
The sumbitch's got a *machine* gun...

KEENAN
They got kids in there, asshole! Kids you just turned into *hostages!*

SHERIFF WYNAN
He had a...

KEENAN
(cold and hard)
Shut your fucking mouth and sit your fat ass in that SUV.

The Sheriff looks around at the surrounding agents, nervously, then skulks off. Keenan shakes his head.

KEENAN (CONT'D)
(to ASAC)
There some even *bigger* asshole I can deal with than him?

INT FIVE POINTS MANOR LIVING ROOM - DAY

Several Five Pointers are pinned against walls and the floor of the dark room, lit by the ATF's headlights and the rising sun. They watch the ATF for a beat before Mordechai signals the others to head upstairs.

EXT FIVE POINTS MANOR - DAY

Keenan, the ASAC and the TACTICAL AGENT (the Agent in charge of the Special Response Team) study the house.

ASAC
How much you think a cross like that costs?

KEENAN
You mean in dollars or sense?

ASAC
Zing!

KEENAN
We got spiked-mics set up?

ASAC
We were about to set 'em up when Barney Fife happened.

KEENAN
(calling out)
Old school!

EXT FIVE POINTS MANOR - MOMENTS LATER

Pull up from the unfurling blueprints and floor-plans/diagrams/surveys of the Cooper/Five Points property as the men pour over on the hood of a car.

KEENAN (CONT'D)
1922?

ASAC
That's all the county had on file.

TACTICAL
The family's been building additions onto the original structure for the last fifty years without any permits.

KEENAN
(off surveys)
They got anything on four legs 'cept horses we gotta look out for? Mountain lions or some such shit?

ASAC
Couple of dogs.

KEENAN
These ain't stables?

ASAC
That's Home Depot.

Keenan's confused.

TACTICAL
It's where they load up on lumber to make this elegant fence.

ASAC
Used to be a stud farm that belonged to the last neighbors the Cooper's ever had, before Abin drove 'em off and bought the land.

TACTICAL
Million dollar views in three directions. Then: Casa de Bat-Shit.

ASAC
Y'know how you get a whole valley this nice all to yourself?

KEENAN
Put a giant fucking cross on your front lawn.

Keenan studies the quiet house, weighing his options.

KEENAN (CONT'D)
Gimme the horn.

Keenan composes himself and snaps on the bullhorn.

KEENAN (CONT'D)
THIS IS SPECIAL AGENT JOSEPH KEENAN OF THE ATF. WE'RE HERE TO EXECUTE A SEARCH WARRANT FOR THE PREMISES ON SUSPICION OF VIOLATIONS OF THE NATIONAL FIREARMS ACT. PUT DOWN ANY WEAPONS, COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS UP, AND YOU WILL NOT BE HARMED. REPEAT: YOU WILL NOT BE HARMED.

There's no response of any kind from the house.

TACTICAL
You wanna breach?

KEENAN
(shakes his head)
Give 'em another minute and we'll go to the phones first. Get a line opened up.

ASAC
That's gonna be...

BOOM! **The ASAC's head is blown off,** all over Keenan - followed immediately by a barrage of gunfire launched from the front of Five Points, sending all the agents to the ground for cover and return fire.

Keenan and the Tactical drag the ASAC's body behind one of the SUV's, throwing themselves against the vehicle, panting. Keenan checks on the lost cause that was the ASAC.

KEENAN
(to Tactical)
SR's keep up return fire but DO NOT breach the premises 'til I call this in!

Keenan pulls out his cell and does a duck and run a few yards away from the action.

KEENAN (CONT'D)
(into phone)
This is Special Agent Keenan, sir.

KEENAN (CONT'D)
We're on a secure line. Cooper's Dell has escalated into a fire-fight. Situation rip-shit. Requesting backup.
(beat; listening)
The local Sheriff shot and killed an armed assailant. We C& C'ed and they opened fire. ASAC Brooks...
(beat)
The fucking church people! They're heavy with AK's and Tec's! I need backup now! Thirty agents or...
(beat)
You said it was gonna be a simple in-and-out, sir...

Keenan holds up the cell toward the action, so the caller can hear the gunfight.

KEENAN (CONT'D)
Simple just shit itself! Send thirty agents, or three SRT units, or the fucking cavalry!
(beat)
Media, sir?! The nearest TV station's a hundred miles away! The local paper prints once a week! Media's not a factor, but if you wanna get a PIO down here, I'd wait 'til we were clear of the barricade situation...

There's a long beat, during which Keenan listens. His already dire expression changes to utter disbelief.

KEENAN (CONT'D)
Sir, that sounds like a...
(beat)
With all due respect, sir, maybe we should get the Deputy Assistant Director on this call...
(beat)
Jesus Christ, there're *kids* in there! If you can just give us another ten minutes, I can open up a line to...

Keenan looks trapped as he listens, looking back to the house from his crouched position.

KEENAN (CONT'D)
I'm gonna want something in writing, sir - to protect myself and my field office.
(beat)
No, I'm gonna need something more substantial than your word for this. Either I get a text or an email, something official I can stand behind, or no go. You hear me? NO! GO!

EXT FIVE POINTS MANOR BACKYARD - DAWN

We're at the rear of the compound now, the gunfire from up front still very audible. Cheyenne bursts out of the back door of the house, the penned dogs running to keep up with her. Suddenly, a line of fire cuts off her path, tearing up the ground in front of her. She freezes, hands up, crying.

A masked ATF SNIPER emerges, rifle trained on Cheyenne.

SNIPER
GET ON THE GROUND! GET ON THE GROUND *NOW!* GET DOWN!

Cheyenne does as instructed, terrified. The Sniper kneels on her back and uses his free hand to plasti-cuff the girl, his eyes constantly darting back to the house which he's still covering with his rifle.

SNIPER (CONT'D)
Who else is coming out that door? Huh?!

CHEYENNE
It's just me...

SNIPER
Bullshit!

CHEYENNE
There's kids in there and I wanna get 'em out!

EXT FIVE POINTS MANOR - SAME

Keenan is still where we left him, a few yards from the fire-fight, staring at his cell phone, white as a ghost. He's joined by the Tactical Agent.

TACTICAL
Was that Group Supe? He sending more agents?

KEENAN
Situation's been reclassified.

The Tactical offers Keenan a puzzled look. Keenan holds up his cell phone for the Tactical to read an e-mail.

KEENAN (CONT'D)
We're to take down this "domestic terrorist cell."

TACTICAL
(stunned)
Jesus... We fired on *them* first.

KEENAN
We didn't, it was that fat fucking asshole local.

TACTICAL
What're the orders?

Keenan offers the Tactical an expression you hope never to see. The Tactical Agent goes wide-eyed. Keenan looks away.

TACTICAL (CONT'D)
Hold on a second: we don't even know what the *situation* is in there. Our intel is *limited*, we've had *no* communication...

KEENAN
(reading email aloud)
"Our investigation of Five Points Church in Cooper's Dell uncovered an extremely hostile domestic terrorist cell, heavily armed, with intentions of bombing a local shopping mall this morning. When we came with arrest warrants, they opened fire on us, killing the Assistant Special Agent in Charge, leaving us no choice but to take the premises with deadly force."

TACTICAL
Jesus Christ, Joe - there're women and *kids* in there...

KEENAN
"In the resulting fire-fight, *all* suspects were killed."

The Tactical Agent stares at Keenan, shocked. Keenan knows what his fellow agent is feeling. He reigns it in.

KEENAN (CONT'D)
Give 'em the gas. Then dynamic entry.

TACTICAL
Joe, the suits ain't *here*. They're *there*. *We're* here. *You're* here. You can call it.

KEENAN
And then what, Harry? The FBI takes over, and we look like assholes who can't do our jobs *again*?! That's what happens the minute a single news van shows up and any one of these people walks out of there alive, goes on CNN, and starts saying *we're* the bad guys!

TACTICAL
You do this, and whether anyone's around to say it to the press or not... that's what we'll *be*.

KEENAN
I got 18 years in. I'm not telling my wife she's gotta clip coupons 'til we're dead because I couldn't follow a simple order - *shitty* as that order is. And we're not talking about *Gandhi* here: I got bits of Brooks' face all over me! They're shooting at us with *military* ordnance! These ain't a buncha tweakers in a motel meth lab, they're big, bad eggs!

Keenan eyes the house. Sure of his course, he says...

KEENAN (CONT'D)
Get your men ready for a breach.

The Tactical's WALKIE goes off.

OC SNIPER
Sir, I've apprehended one of the suspects.

EXT FIVE POINTS MANOR BACKYARD - SAME

The Sniper drags Cheyenne behind a trailer, pushing her into a seated position. He trains his rifle anew on the back door of the house, a few yards away.

SNIPER
Unarmed girl, early twenties, says she's the caretaker of the kids in the church.

EXT FIVE POINTS MANOR - SAME

The Tactical and Keenan stare at the walkie.

OC SNIPER
She wants to get the kids out the back without her people knowing. I think she's legit, sir. Requesting instructions, over.

The Tactical looks from the walkie to Keenan for an answer.

EXT FIVE POINTS BACKYARD - SAME

The Sniper's walkie goes off.

OC TACTICAL
(on walkie)
This is a hostile domestic terrorist cell. Use of deadly force is approved.

The Sniper pulls up his mask, looking at his walkie, shocked.

SNIPER
She's not even armed...

OC TACTICAL
Those are orders!

The Sniper looks to Cheyenne, whose eyes dart from his forlorn look to the walkie, confused.

CHEYENNE
We're not *terrorists*!

The Sniper pulls a .22 from his boot holster. The handle is taped up. He yanks Cheyenne to her feet, wraps his arms around her, and pops off six shots into the woods as she screams. He takes a knife from his belt and cuts her plasti-cuffs, putting the .22 in her hands.

SNIPER
You're gonna have to take this and run back to the house now, ma'am.

Terrified, Cheyenne tries to give the gun back.

CHEYENNE
No, please, I don't wanna...

SNIPER
Take this and run now, girl...

CHEYENNE
You're gonna shoot me...

SNIPER
(aiming his rifle at her)
TAKE THE FUCKING GUN AND RUN, BITCH! *RUUUUN!!!*

The wailing Cheyenne throws herself at the Sniper's feet, clinging to his legs. He kicks at her, but she won't budge; she just screams, crying. The Sniper grabs her by the hair and drags her a couple feet toward the back of the house. Cheyenne knows she's going to die.

POV SHOT: we rush in at the Sniper, dragging Cheyenne, training his rifle on her while screaming at her to run. When we're almost in a close-up on the Sniper, a hand holding a gun comes into frame, pointed at the sniper's head. We travel up the arm to reveal Sara, who pulls the trigger.

INT KITCHEN - SAME

Carrying the sniper rifle now, Sara pushes Cheyenne inside and slams the door behind her, double-checking to make sure there's no one else out there. She turns on Cheyenne and slaps her across the face. Then again.

SARA
Your Daddy's dead and this is how you respect his memory? By tryin' to run out on yer family?!

CHEYENNE
They're gonna kill us, Momma... They're sayin' we're terrorists, and they're gonna kill us all...

SARA
Good. Then I'll be with Caleb in Heaven. Ain't that what you want? To be with yer Daddy and Jesus?

CHEYENNE
But Melanie and the babies...

Sara slaps her daughter again, mean-mugging her.

SARA
"How sharper than the serpent's tooth to have a thankles child"! Now you get down on yer knees and beg for God's forgiveness.

Cheyenne drops to her knees and starts praying through her whimpering.

SARA (CONT'D)
When yer done with that, you get a gun and join yer family up front, you hear me, girl? Like a good Christian.

Cheyenne nods, still praying. Sara exits. Cheyenne sees her go, then collapses on the floor in the fetal position, crying; trapped.

INT FIVE POINTS MANOR LIVING ROOM - DAY

A bevy of the congregation is in firing positions at the front windows, blasting away at the ATF agents outside. Return fire is sparking on the walls behind them. Sara dashes and ducks to Abin's side. Abin's working his AK like a pro. Sara also starts firing. They carry on their conversation between bursts of gunfire.

SARA.
They're trying to kill the babies, Daddy.

ABIN
They tryin' to kill us *all*, girl.

SARA
They already took my Caleb. I don't want no part of this world no more. I wanna go to Jesus.

ABIN
You die fightin' a sodomite-protectin' army of idolators, I suspect the Good Lord'll give you a *mansion* in the Kingdom of Heaven.

SARA
You always knew what to say to make me feel better, Daddy.
(smiling through tears)
"Now learn ye a parable of the fig tree..."

ABIN
(savoring the verse)
Such as Matthew 24, yes.

SARA
"When his branch is yet tender, and putteth forth leaves, know that summer is *nigh...*"

ABIN
Looks like summer's as nigh as it's ever gonna get.

The pair open fire from their windows anew.

INT CHAPEL - SAME

Jarod, hanging alone, in the now-empty chapel (except for Caleb's body), hood over his head. Suddenly, a gun creeps into the frame, poking at the bagged head. Jarod reacts, trying to scream through his ball-gag, whipping his head around, but Cheyenne reaches in and pulls the bag off, urging him to be quiet.

INT STAIRCASE HALLWAY - SAME

Cheyenne and Jarod creep upstairs. We hear the gun fight at the front of the house.

INT UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - SAME

They reach the top of the landing, and Cheyenne urges Jarod to wait. She peeks her head around a corner and sees all the children gathered in one of the bedrooms, coloring, as loud kid Gospel songs play, drowing out the gun fight below. Cheyenne grabs Jarod and leads him quickly past the open door, to a bedroom down the hall, pushing him inside.

INT CHEYENNE'S BEDROOM - SAME

Both inside, Cheyenne quietly closes and locks the door. She turns to Jarod, gun still pointed at him, and indicates he should sit on the bed, then addresses him in hushed tones.

CHEYENNE
You can take that gag out yer mouth, but be quiet, okay? I don't wanna shoot you, but I will.

Jarod does as he's instructed, still a bit scared. He looks to Cheyenne, at a loss for words, until...

JAROD
Are Travis and Billy dead?

Cheyenne gives it a beat, then nods. Jarod chokes back tears.

JAROD (CONT'D)
Are you gonna kill me...?

CHEYENNE
Not if you help me. Else I will, I swear.

(beat)
The government agents out there wanna come in here and kill my family...

JAROD
FUCKING GOOD!

Cheyenne moves toward Jarod threateningly with the gun. Jarod cowers, bracing for impact that doesn't come.

CHEYENNE
(hushed)
I'm tryin' to save your life!

Jarod nods, hands up slightly. Cheyenne pulls a chair in front of Jarod and sits, gun still trained on him.

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)
They're gonna kill you, too. They already shot yer friend, and they're gonna kill everyone in this house because they screwed up what they came here to do. They're gonna kill us so we don't tell on 'em, you understand? They don't want any witnesses, so they're gonna bust in here and shoot us all. Even my little brothers, and my sister, my cousins. All of 'em. But I can't let the *babies* get killed. I've done some shitty things, but if I let them babies get killed...
(wiping away tears)
They don't know what we been up to in here. If they *did*, they could just arrest us. They could put us on trial and be a buncha heroes for busting this place. But they're gonna need *witnesses*. That's you.
(all business)
If you and me can get out there without gettin' killed, we can tell 'em what's *really* going on in the chapel. We do that, and they can't kill the babies.

Jarod stares at Cheyenne for a long beat. The fear's replaced by something ugly; something that wants revenge.

JAROD
You want me to save *your* fuckin' life? YOU KILLED MY FUCKING FRIENDS!

CHEYENNE
I don't care about me as much as I care about the kids. My cousin's kid ain't but three years old. My little sister's only eight.

Jarod stares at her coldly. Then...

JAROD
Fuck you.

Cheyenne's speechless. Jarod's way serious. She thrusts the gun at him anew, but Jarod's too far gone now: he doesn't flinch.

INT FIVE POINTS MANOR LIVING ROOM - SAME

While a slew of Five Pointers are still firing from the windows, some tend to their fallen. Others are dragging or tipping furniture to act as barricades. Abin fires his AK, taking a moment to call over his shoulder to Sara.

ABIN
Do me a favor, wouldja, Baby-doll? Run and get me a sweet tea from the fridge?

Sara fires off a few more rounds, then lays her weapon down and does a duck-and-dash toward the kitchen.

INT BEDROOM - SAME

Cheyenne is pointing the gun at Jarod.

CHEYENNE
You don't help me, you're gonna die, too! You think they're gonna believe you weren't one of us? They ain't even gonna give you the chance to *tell* 'em, 'fore they put one in your head.

CHEYENNE(CONT'D)
'cause once they get inside here, that's exactly what they're gonna do. Just BAM! BAM! BAM!

Jarod stares at Cheyenne, dead-eyed. Whatever humanity that was there earlier is way gone now.

JAROD
I don't give a shit. Fuck you and your stupid family: my friends are DEAD! So kill me, too: shoot me in the head. I been ready for it since you HUNG ME ON A FUCKING CROSS!

CHEYENNE
(frustrated to tears)
Please....

JAROD
I bet Billy-Ray said please, too. But they still killed him.
(fighting off tears)
Fuck you! You want me to save your fuckin' "babies"? Suck a rescue out of my dick, bitch.

The door bursts open and Sara stumbles into the room, hitting the floor, almost right into camera. She look up to see something we don't, and she just about cries as she gets up, shakily training her gun on the OC pair.

OC CHEYENNE
MOMMA, DON'T!

OC JAROD
Go ahead, you lying bitch! GO AHEAD!

Sara rushes out of the frame, gun drawn. We hold on the empty side of the room. As we listen to the scuffle, we slowly push in on a wall of pictures: Cheyenne with her family at protests and just around the house. Always smiling, always with the kids. The biggest picture: Sara hugging Cheyenne in front of a recent birthday cake.

OC SARA
MOVE AWAY FROM HIM, CHEYENNE!

OC JAROD
Fuck you!

OC CHEYENNE
Momma, please don't...

OC SARA
MOVE, DAMMIT!

OC CHEYENNE
MOMMA LET HIM GO!

There's a long beat of silence. Then...

OC SARA
Gimme the gun, Cheyenne...

OC CHEYENNE
If we just confess, the babies don't get killed, Momma...

OC SARA
Cheyenne? Give me that *gun*...

OC CHEYENNE
Please don't come any closer...

OC SARA
Girl, one of his friends killed your *Daddy!*

We hear a struggle, then a gunshot.

Close on the gun in Sara's gut. As the gun pulls away, we see it's dripping with blood. Sara stumbles backwards against the desk, then slides down to the floor, a shocked, sad look on her face, eyes locked on Cheyenne as she dies.

Cheyenne lets out an agonized scream that turns into wailing.

Jarod can't believe the scene that's just played out before him. He looks to the doorway and sees...

Cheyenne's younger siblings and cousins, staring in various states of disbelief and distress.

Jarod moves toward the silently wailing Cheyenne. He whispers to her and she turns to see the young members of her family in the doorway. Cheyenne collects herself and addresses the oldest of the group, as Jarod crosses to the closet and fishes out some clothes.

CHEYENNE
The men outside aim to kill us all. Take everyone into the attic and barricade the door.

MAGGIE
What'd you *do*, Cheyenne...?

CHEYENNE
GET ALL THE BABIES INTO THE ATTIC! RIGHT NOW, GODDAMMIT!

Maggie ushers all the kids down the hallway. Melanie stays behind, staring at Cheyenne. Cheyenne drops to her knees and hugs her, the gun still in her hands. Melanie looks at the dead Sara, puzzled.

MELANIE
Is Momma dead?

Cheyenne looks at her sister.

CHEYENNE
Listen to me, Melanie: you go upstairs with Maggie and the other kids now, 'kay? You don't come out 'til I tell you. Don't open the attic door for no one else but me, y'understand?
(releasing her)
Go with Maggie, now. Quick like bunny...

Melanie runs down the hallway. Cheyenne slowly stands, trying to get control.

EXT FIVE POINTS MANOR - SAME

The ATF agents fire on the house.

INT FIVE POINTS MANOR LIVING ROOM - SAME

The Five Pointers return fire. Abin calls over his shoulder.

ABIN
MORDECHAI! TOP OF THE CROWN! TOP OF THE CROWN!

EXT FIVE POINTS MANOR ROOF - SAME

Mordechai and his wife explode onto the roof, armed to the teeth. They take positions along the scalloped trim, then quietly offer one another a sorta touching sign of affection. They make the sign of the cross and pop up, guns blazing, firing down at the ATF.

EXT FIVE POINTS MANOR - DAY

Close on an Agent dropping to one knee, firing a riot gun.

A projectile punches through a Manor window.

INT FIVE POINTS MANOR LIBRARY - SAME

Abigail fires through the window. She empties her magazine then bellows at the enemy...

ABIGAIL
COCKSUCKERS !!!

The projectile blasts into Abigail, taking her out. Immediately, the room fills with gas.

INT FIVE POINTS MANOR LIVING ROOM - SAME

A tear gas projectile breaches. Smoke and coughing ensues.

ABIN
FALL BACK TO THE CHAPEL!

EXT FIVE POINTS MANOR - SAME

An assault vehicle plows through the fence. The remaining ATF Agents follow, pouring through the hole, firing.

Keenan fires at the roof.

Mordechai gets shot, falling from the roof. His wife screams, then takes one in the chest.

The gunfire's died down now, as the ATF Agents defensively approach the front of the house. Keenan crosses into view, crouching, with his gun drawn. He motions for the Agents behind him to go around to the back of the compound.

Jarod and Cheyenne round the building, coming face-to-face with Keenan, who draws on them.

KEENAN
FREEZE! DROP THE WEAPON!

JAROD
DON'T SHOOT! I'M A HOSTAGE!

CHEYENNE
WE NEED TO TALK TO WHO'S IN CHARGE!

KEENAN
DROP THE FUCKING GUN!

Cheyenne tosses the gun away, her hands in the air like Jarod. She moves toward Keenan.

CHEYENNE
You don't have to do this!

KEENAN
GET BACK!

CHEYENNE
There's enough evidence to put us all away for life!

KEENAN
DON'T MOVE!

JAROD
CHEYENNE, DON'T MOVE!

CHEYENNE
THERE'S BABIES IN THE ATTIC...

BAM! BAM! Cheyenne is shot. She collapses to the ground.

We're on Keenan, who didn't fire. Reveal the Tactical Agent behind him, smoking gun still in his grip, moving defensively toward Keenan. Jarod's on his knees now, hands in the air. The Tactical Agent moves in on him.

JAROD
No! NO!!!

BAM! Jarod is shot in the head by the Tactical Agent. He slumps to the ground.

Keenan stares at this, agog. The Tactical Agent backs up a few steps.

TACTICAL
(to Keenan, eyes on Jarod)
You alright?

Suddenly, **a deafening, sustained sound fills the air: a trumpet blast.**

The Tactical Agent looks around for the source.

Keenan covers his ears, looking around, then skyward.

The remaining ATF Agents hold their ears.

INT CHAPEL - SAME

Abin's eyes snap open at the noise.

The rest of the congregation holds their ears. Abin wears the expression of someone in utter amazement. He then breaks into a triumphant, joyous laugh.

EXT FIVE POINTS TRINITY CHURCH - SAME

The trumpet blast ends. Keenan/Agents uncover their ears.

TACTICAL (CONT'D)
What the fuck was that?

Then, a **second massive trumpet blast sounds,** the sheer volume of which is overpowering.

EXT FIVE POINTS MANOR - SAME

We're close on Cheyenne's dead body as the trumpet dies down.

Her now-lifeless eyes remain open. Over her, we see Keenan, whose attention is suddenly drawn by...

The Five Pointers, led by Abin, emerging from a buried structure to the left of the Manor - (the sunken Chapel), their hands raised more in prayer than surrender (though they are engaged in constant, murmuring prayer). Keenan trains his gun on them. Abin puts up a hand.

ABIN
There's no need for that anymore.

KEENAN
Where's that sound coming from?!?

ABIN .
"And the four angels were loosed,
which were prepared for an hour,
and a day, and a month, and a year,
for to slay a third of men!"

The third trumpet sounds. Abin cries out over it.

ABIN
HEAR YE HIS SACRED CALL-TO-ARMS:
THE HEAVENLY TRUMPETS SOUND HIS
NAME! THE ONE, TRUE GOD COMES TO
RAPTURE HIS FAITHFUL, SLAY THE
WICKED AND SEND THIS EVIL WORLD
STRAIGHT TO HELL!

The trumpet dies down. Keenan tries to keep his gun raised, but can't. He's bewildered, standing at the threshold of fear. **Then the fourth trumpet sounds.**

That's when the Tactical Agent shoots Mordechai in the head. He drops to the ground dead, as the Tactical Agent moves in on Abin. Facing down a gun, the old man and his flock merely tense up a bit and wince, praying aloud, arms linked. Keenan pushes the Tactical agents arms down, pissed.

KEENAN
ENOUGH! GODAMMIT, *ENOUGH!*
(as the trumpet dies down)
Just wait a minute, alright!
Waitaminute!

All is quiet for the moment, except for the constant muttering of prayer by the Five Pointers - still a united front. Keenan looks to Abin, unnerved.

KEENAN (CONT'D)
No more fire and brimstone,
Preacher: what's that sound mean?

ABIN
Boy, there ain't nothin' *left* but fire and brimstone, ya'hear? This is the Day of the Lord's *Judgment*! There been *four* trumpet blasts. The seals are opened and the Horsemen dispatched. Three more trumpet blasts and He closes the book on this wicked, wicked world, praise His name!

The flock responds with an "Amen." Abin chuckles at Keenan.

ABIN (CONT'D)
So shoot us, G-man.
(a joking aside to one of his flock)
G for *Godless*, right?
(opens his shirt, baring his chest)

ABIN(CONT'D)
G'head, shoot me right *here* - ya' Hell-bound, flag-worshipin' cocksucker.
(smiling Heavenward)
You're just hastening the arrival of my eternal reward. Shoot me!

High overhead of the peculiar scene - with everyone just momentarily waiting for something.

VOICE
Then what happened?

EXT ATF HEADQUARTERS, WASHINGTON DC - DAY

Establishing shot of the terrorist-proof fortress.

VOICE (CONT'D)
Special Agent Keenan?

INT DEBRIEFING ROOM

Close on Keenan, now dressed in a suit, far from the madness.

Keenan's staring off, lost in thought. After a beat, he looks to the two AGENTS who make up his inquiry panel: AGENT HAMMOND and AGENT CAROL.

KEENAN
I subdued the suspect with a head-butt.

AGENT CAROL
A head-butt?

KEENAN
Yes, sir. The suspect was standing... *unnaturally* close. So the trumpet blasts sounded three more times. Then a fourth and a fifth.
(quietly amused)
Then it was pretty clear the Rapture wasn't gonna happen. So we started rounding up the Five Pointers.

The inquiry panel waits for Keenan to continue. Then...

AGENT HAMMOND
On the record, Agent Keenan, this inquiry commends you for peaceably containing a potentially explosive situation.
(beat)
But off the record, you disobeyed a direct order from a superior, Joe.

KEENAN
(beat)
I did. And I have no excuse that's gonna mean anything here.

The inquiry panel holds a quiet discussion while Keenan sits waiting. Then...

AGENT HAMMOND
It's the finding of this inquiry that Special Agent Thomas Keenan be relieved as head of Field Office 263. He's to be placed on a one week leave, without pay, after which time he'll report to the Washington Office for reassignment in the District.

Keenan is taken aback by this.

KEENAN
I'm getting *promoted*?

Neither Agent says anything. Keenan pieces it together, scooting forward in his chair, concerned.

KEENAN (CONT'D)
You're gonna kill 'em.

AGENT CAROL
The United States Government doesn't kill people, Agent Keenan. In or out of custody.

Agent 1 and 2 hold their glare for a beat, until Agent 1 indicates the recording should be stopped. Both Agents chuckle as Agent 1 rises to join the confused Keenan.

AGENT HAMMOND
Of course we're gonna kill 'em, Joe. We're gonna kill 'em with *kindness*.

KEENAN
(trying to get it)
You're gonna let 'em go to *trial*?

AGENT HAMMOND
(scoffing)
What is this, September 10th, 2001?

AGENT CAROL
Patriot Act, bitch.

AGENT HAMMOND
We can plant 'em forever, without a trial, and never show 'em the light of *day*, let alone a microphone or TV camera.

KEENAN
How...?

AGENT CAROL
What do you think we been doing the last ten years?

AGENT HAMMOND
It's terrorism, Joe. You kill an American over a religious belief, you're a terrorist. And terrorists get locked the fuck up.

KEENAN
(standing)
If it's all so easy to pen these animals up for life, then why was I given those orders?

AGENT HAMMOND
Truth?
(off nod)
'cause fuck people like this.

AGENT CAROL
They're animals.

AGENT HAMMOND
Don't get me wrong: Jesus *saves*...

AGENT CAROL
But He ain't saving Abin Cooper from a *fuck-load* of prison rape.

AGENT HAMMOND
Daily shtuppings by Coke-can cocks. Savor the irony, Joe.

Keenan stares at them, then looks down at the table. A folder containing photos are spread out. The top pic is of the executed Cheyenne. Agent Carol's hands come into the frame and slide the pictures back into the folder, which then get placed into a briefcase. He smiles at Keenan.

AGENT CAROL
So what *was* it?

KEENAN
Pardon?

AGENT CAROL
The trumpet blast? What was it *really?*

KEENAN
Oh. Yeah, well, some new neighbors - eco-kids from the University with a compost collective - they got about an acre off the ass-end of the Five Points property, other side of the hill. Abin's been giving 'em a buncha guff, 'count of the smell'a the compost.

AGENT HAMMOND
Is it bad?

KEENAN
It can get so you can taste it. But it's environmental, so, y'know - tough shit. And Abin kept harassing these kids, sending some of his bigger boys 'round to bitch at first, maybe break a window or two. Then I guess they went old school: 'lotta sugar in gas tanks, burnin' bags of dog-shit...

AGENT CAROL
Fucking college kids...

KEENAN
No, that was Cooper and his church. The college kids never so much as called the cops. They got *creative* instead: thought it'd be funny to take a page out of Revelations and get Cooper and his family's hopes up with the trumpets. So they get this...
(smiles, amazed)
This big-ass, rusty siren from some old firehouse that just got a new one. Big as a Mini Cooper. The Fire Chief said they could have it for nothing, so long as they carted it off. So they truck it back to their compost collective, put it in a barn, and hooked it up to an iPod of all things. Played these single-note trumpet blasts they pulled off the internet.

AGENT HAMMOND
They had *no* idea you were even there?

KEENAN
It was just dumb luck.

Keenan places his gun and badge on the table.

KEENAN (CONT'D)
And those eco-kids with the compost collective?

KEENAN (CONT'D)
Turns out it was a cover for a *grow-house*. They're being booked right now, but considering how they probably saved a bunch more lives...

AGENT HAMMOND
I'll write a letter for 'em.

Keenan nods and heads for the door, stopping when he hears...

AGENT HAMMOND (CONT'D)
Joe.
(beat)
Really - why'd you shine the direct?

Keenan thinks about it. Then...

KEENAN
My grandma on my Mother's side? She had these two dogs. Real *bloodhounds*. Both come up the same litter, and she kept 'em when the others were given out to neighbors. Both known each other since they had shit in their eyes, neither one ever treated better'n the other. Gentlest dogs you'd ever meet, both closer to the credits than the titles. Thanksgiving of my ninth year, those two dogs are shadowing me, 'cause they know the score: I'm an animal-lover who never finishes his supper. And right before I leave the table, I toss these two ol' timers a hunk of turkey leg attached to a piece of cartilage.
(remembering)
And it was like they'd never met. They went at each other so... *ferociously* - all tooth and claw and jugular. They forgot anything they ever had in common and scrapped like that discard decided between their standin' or dyin'. When they drew blood, the kids started screamin'.

KEENAN (CONT'D)
My Uncle hadda put 'em down that same night, they'd torn each other apart so bad. Broke Gramma's heart.

Both Agents look to Keenan unsure of his meaning.

KEENAN (CONT'D)
People'll do the strangest things when they believe they're entitled.
(p.s.)
But they do even stranger things when they just plain *believe*.

EXT FEDERAL PENITENTIARY - DAWN

An establishing shot. The sun breaks over the heavily guarded prison.

INT CELL - SAME

Abin Cooper stares out his window. He looks to a Bible sitting on a small table, far out of his reach. He doesn't want it anyway. Then, after a long beat, he starts muttering an old church hymn. We hold on him for a long beat as he quietly sings to himself, creeping us the fuck out. We roll credits beside him as he sings, building louder and prouder - until finally, someone yells out...

OC INMATE
Shut the fuck up!

Abin then turns his dead eyes at us as we cut to black.

THE END